

Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

"Selling Lies"

Vocals check play it close to the chest, ham radio cassette with DJ Ron G and S&S, bless, Yeah, I'm old school with the golden rule, Ya' know it, the crowd mooove when I told'em move, ugh music is my muse, time to show n prove, so cool, I'm always in a anitmedia mood, YouTube! Revenue used to be silly, but now it looks real skinny, ya' hear me?, couldn't rub together two pennies, what's the matter? they not media friendly, the lovely Cynthia McKinney so real she had to move out the city, the media's become the enemy of humankind, fool around n end up like Julian Assange, people get confused between personalized views and paying dues, when ya' pen game is peer reviewed, breaking news, you a frickin' stooge, craft services fake food, media crews read scripts they don't choose who,

I've become so tired
Of the blurring lines
Take away all control
They're just selling lies
We live what they conspire
We're just wasted lives
Make sure you take control
Of your mind

Content provider, nonetheless wiser,
Recycled sources insiders regurgitating their own vomit,
There's only ever one constant,
They're liars, bone deposits hidden in the closet
High powered lawyers are hired
You have the right to remain quiet...
Blackmail with green cash in a white wallets
Blue collars living off grid in a cottage
Where the media reporters are childish
Cellos, keyboards and violins
There's no surprises, nobody's smiling, there wilding
Soft disclosure, providing a cushion for hard exposure
Snake Eyes told you GI Joe lost to Cobra
Randolph Hearst a Media Mogul
Talkin' to Rupert saying;
" I told you to handle the scandal like you supposed to "
Tell me what you got in mind?
Besides fabricated paradigms
On second thought
I don't have the time!
No evidence supports what they find,
Jedi minds, look'em in the 3rd eye
And hypnotise, worldwide, with more lies!

And 1 by 1
They beat the drum
Don't fall in line
And 1 by 1
They beat the drum

Don't fall in line

"Are you talented?... yeah"

"Are they interested?... depends what you share"

"Are you sensitive?... only when it comes to my career"

I prefer my peace and my quiet, cooler hands prevail put out fires, transition from performer to writer, as an artist I'll never retire, but as a man I made a decision to fade away back to the islands, in a small hut, grow my own vegetables horticulture and such, this frickin' media is just too much, I'll disappear in yellow submarine below the ocean like Ed Snowden, then return with after the planet flip over, I'll rage against the machine and disappear like Zach, make a impact, then exit stage right - like that

The same ole' media game again,
Got to be real careful what you say to them,
They kicking dirt on ya' name again,
If I was you I wouldn't play with' them,

They only love you until they don't have to,
They only wanna' gain your trust - that's how they trap you,
4G 5G doesn't even matter,
They'll kill you with your own metadata